

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME LIX

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armada Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. George Timpson and eldest son of Long Branch spent yester- day, December 15th, with relatives in this city.

In the contest for Superintendent of our church, Frank E. Harris tried to put it over on his uncle, Mr. W. R. Watt, but failed.

Bedded in his customary smiles, Mr. Jesse Battstone, of Hamilton, made his appearance here again over the week-end of December 14th.

H. W. Roberts was calling on his many old friends in Long Branch on December 15th. He notes that the busy city is growing in population.

Mr. David Lawrence, who was obliged to relinquish his duties for over two weeks, owing to an injured hand, resumed his work again on December 16th.

Our Women's Association had a bee on December 17th, packing Christmas cheer to send to our destitute and sick friends both in this city and elsewhere.

Miss Caroline Buchan came up from the Belleville school on December 20th to enjoy the Christmas and New Year's vacation with her mother and home folks.

At time of writing, Miss Annie Perry, the oldest deaf lady in Canada, is quite ill with a severe attack of the shingles, and on account of her great age, much anxiety is felt, but hope for the better.

Once more the writer has to call attention to two errors of commission and omission that appeared in your issue of December 12th. The late William Douglas was sixty years of age, and not forty-four as stated. The omission was in the write-up of the young people's debate, when the result was not given. It should have said the supporters of the "cross but tidy lady" won by a close margin.

Mr. Ronald Wright took a rundown to see his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley B. Wright in Bobcaygeon, on December 17th. He was accompanied by a couple of friends.

Mr. Melvin Cole, who has for some time been successfully farming at Hull Lake, Sask., came east and struck this city on December 19th, and visited with his former schoolmates, Mr. and Mrs. John Buchan, leaving next day for his old home in Clinton. He will remain in the east all winter, visiting relatives and friends in Goderich, London, Flint, Michigan and other places.

Miss Annie Wallis died on December 18th in this city, in her eighty-first year. For many years she was a warm friend of the Nasmith family and frequently mingled with us, though she was not deaf. Like the late Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Nasmith, she had a warm heart for the deaf and many of our older deaf will remember her kindly words and assistance and will regret to hear of her demise. In her later years she was unable to get around very much.

Mr. J. R. Byrne continued his wonderful address on "Bible Wonders," at our Epworth League, on December 18th. This evening he gave out many interesting facts. Over three million Bibles are printed every year in more than five hundred languages or dialects. Its influence is felt on every sphere, despite the fact that it has been prosecuted more than any other book. At the close, it was decided to hold our next meeting on January 8th 1930, owing to the joyous Christmas season. Mr. Byrne will continue through January.

Among the prettiest and plumpest little children among our deaf friends here, we might mention the little son of Mr. and Mrs. John Buchan and he is a cute little darling to behold, with a round face even larger than his young mother. Watch him grow.

Mr. Brock, the charming and intelligent daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. W. Gustin, of London, was a visitor at "Mora Glen," on December 21st. Although not deaf, Mrs. Brock is well versed in our own language, and we would be glad of another visit from her and her family who live at Long Branch.

Mr. J. R. Byrne was out to Hamilton for the service there on December 15th, and reports a nice turnout and a spirit of love and unity among our "Ambitious City" friends. May this good omen continue to flourish.

The real spirit of the Christmastide pervaded the atmosphere within the Bridgenasith Hall of our church on December 14th, when the Bridgen Literary Society members held a Christmas gift giving custom of ancient times. A mammoth tree adorned the platform and was dressed in the very way that legends portray. Around its base and clustering from its boughs were innumerable parcels, that were soon to bring gladness to every heart within the hall. Before distributing the gifts, very interesting and humorous Christmas legends were unfolded in dramatic style by Messrs. F. E. Harris, J. R. Byrne, Chas. A. Elliott, H. W. Roberts and Fred Terrell.

After the focus had cleared, the members of this society unanimously decided to hold its annual picnic to Lake Side Park, near Oshawa, on June 21st next, after Mr. H. W. Roberts had explained how he had obtained cheap and private conveying facilities. More details concerning this will be given later.

### LONDON LEAVES

Some of the Frats of this city were greatly shocked to hear of the death of Mr. F. P. Gibson in Chicago.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paul, of St. Thomas, upon the arrival of a little baby girl on December 6th, with the sweet sounding name of Vera Nellie Paul.

The home and household goods of Mrs. John Pincombe on Wharncliffe Road, in West London, was sold at auction on December 6th, at good prices.

Mrs. James Buck, of Thorndale, a village sixteen miles east of this city, has returned home, after spending two weeks with her daughter, Mrs. James Vittie, Knobwood Park in East London.

Messrs. Merton McMurray and Stanley Youngs motored down to Embro, on December 8th, and spent the day with the latter's father.

Mr. W. J. Elliott, of Detroit, was in this city over the week-end of December 7th, and then left for a week's holiday with his father, in Ingersoll. He has since returned to the "Automobile City."

Messrs. George Bell, of St. Thomas, and George Pepper, of this city, took a long spin down to Toronto, on December 7th, and returned home safely, in spite of the unpleasant weather conditions.

Mr. Percy Scott, who is holidaying in the east, was in this city, for a few days lately, and his many deaf friends were so glad to meet him again, after a long absence in the west.

Mr. Stanley Youngs is now working for the city waterworks department as a laborer.

Mrs. John Fisher took a trip down to St. Thomas to see old friends, on December 11th, and reports a good time.

Mr. George Bell and his guest, Mr. F. Robinson, of Toronto, motored up to this city, on a business trip, on December 12th. The latter has returned to the "Queen City," after a two weeks' sojourn with Mr. Bell.

Mr. George Moore, motored Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Gustin out to Denfield on December 10th, where they spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. Andrew Noyes.

We regret to hear that Mr. Fred Gartner was obliged to remain home for a few days lately, owing to a swollen face, due to the aftermath of wisdom molar extraction. However, all's well again.

The electors of London carried by-laws on December 2d, for C. N. R. grade separation, street railway agreement, and forward system. The grade separation means an outlay of \$2,000,000, and a new terminal station to cost \$8,000,000. London is naturally growing.

The JOURNAL readers of this city wish all their fellow readers and others a very happy and prosperous season during 1930.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS

Miss Sylvia Caswell, of Niagara Falls, and her sister, Mrs. Harris, of St. Catharines, spent the week-end of December 14th with their father at Stamford. Miss Helen A. Middleton went over from the Falls and took tea with them on Sunday.

We wonder what has become of our old friend, Mr. Daniel Hadden, who when last heard of, was living in Mooretown, Ont.

We are pleased to hear that Miss H. F. Chapman, of New Westminster, B. C., who has been rather indisposed during the past few months, is now much better. In spite of this suffering, she has not only borne this with all her customary cheerfulness, but has been devoting her best attention to her invalid mother with all the spirit of a guiding angel. She says she loves the newsy JOURNAL and can't do without it.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Preston, of Peterboro, were guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley B. Wright, in Bobcaygeon, on December 17th. They are frequently motoring between these two places.

Hearty congratulations are being showered upon our latest benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schneider (nee Mary McLaren, of Smith's Falls), who settled Cupid's advice for all time on December 18th, but if full particulars are obtainable we will gladly give a nice write-up of their nuptials in a future issue. They are now living in Penrose.

Several years ago, there were in the neighborhood of about forty deaf persons working in the Good Year Tire Co. at New Toronto, and most of them worked on finishing the last parts. Today only two of this little army are still there, and working full blast.

They are Messrs. Robert J. Ensminger and Walter Gagnon. The former used to be an inspector on the finishing line, while the latter never worked anywhere else except on the tubes.

Robert started in 1917, and Walter a year later. They have done very good work at their place of employment, so says the company officials in their own weekly publication "The Wingfoot Clan" of November 15th, which also publishes a very good picture of these two industrious chaps, who hold on to their work like glue and labor on tenaciously.

### HERBERT W. ROBERTS

#### A DEPLORABLE TRAGEDY

Two HARRORS, MINN.—Hopelessly crippled and deaf and dumb since birth was 17-year-old Beatrice Barton, daughter of one of Two Harbors' most prominent citizens.

So today her father, John A. Barton, 54, bank president, gently wrapped her in a blanket and took her for a drive in his automobile.

He parked his car near a forest and for a time the grief-stricken father and helpless daughter watched the swirling snow sift through the green pine trees.

The father at last decided upon an act he was said to have been contemplating for many years. He took a revolver and carefully shot his daughter through the heart. He then placed the gun at his own heart and pulled the trigger.

Woodmen found their bodies huddled together in the car. No inquest will be held, said Coroner J. T. Brown, friend of the dead banker. "He killed the child out of pity," said Brown. "and then turned the revolver upon himself."

It was common knowledge in this little city that Barton had grieved since the birth of his daughter over her physical and mental condition. He had provided her with private tutors and had kept her from asso-

ciation with other children as much as possible, to save her from public attention.

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### CARRYING IT TOO FAR

"Everybody in our family is some kind of an animal," remarked Tommy.

"What do you mean?" asked his mother.

"Why, mother, you're a dear, you know."

"Yes, Tom, and the baby is mother's little lamb."

"Well, I'm the kid, sister is a chicken, aunt is a cat, little brother's a pig, dad's the goat, and—"

"That's enough, Thomas."

## SEATTLE

The banquet at the Bergonian Hotel, the evening of December 14th, was a great success, and all who attended, had a gay evening. There were fifty-eight tickets sold, and at two came in after the dinner was over, that made the attendance an even sixty. Promptly at 7:15 P.M., the dinner started, and went on without a hitch. Follows the menu and program of toasts:

Shrimp Cocktail	Ripe Olives
Princess Salad	
Celery	
Roast Turkey.	
Jelly	Cranberry Sauce
New Carrots	Peas in Cream
Whipped Potato	Sweet Potato
Hot Rolls	Butter
Apple Pie with Cheese or Hot Mince Pie	Tea, Coffee or Milk
	After Dinner Mints

### TOASTS

True Partridge, Toastmaster

"SAY WELL has friends, some here, some there, But Do WELL's welcome everywhere."—Anon

Coming Through The Rye" . . . . . Mrs. Ernest Frederickson

"And all the ladies they smile at me When coming through the rye."—Burns

Our Pioneers—C. K. McConnell, Frank Morrissey, Mrs. Pauline Gustin, Mrs. Olof Hammar, Mrs. Clara Wade Wright, Ed. Gustin, Mrs. Barbara Wilfong, Mrs. Victoria Smith, L. O. Christensen.

"Life is not dated merely by years. Events are sometimes the best calendar."—Lord Beaconsfield

The Past of the P. S. A. D. Dr. Olof Hanson

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours

And ask them what reports they bore to heaven."—Byron

Our Past Presidents . . . . . Charles Al. Gumer

It matters not what men assume to be Good or bad, they are what they are."—Bailey

The Future of the P. S. A. D. . . . . W. S. Root

"To know

That which before us lies in daily life

Is the prime wisdom."—Milton

"On Gallaudet's Birthday" . . . . . Alice W. Wilberg

"There littleness was naught. The least of things

Seemed infinite; and there his Spirit shaped

Her prospects, nor did he believe, he saw—Woodswork

Dialogue—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet" . . . . . By nine participants

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror."—Shakespeare

E. M. Gallaudet . . . . . J. C. Howard

"Man is soul and body, formed for deeds Of high resolve."—Shelley

Mr. Partridge made a courteous and pleasant toastmaster. The toast "Our Pioneers," was responded to by C. K. McConnell, Mrs. Hanson speaking for Mrs. Gustin, Mr. Frank Morrissey, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Victoria Smith, and Mr. L. O. Christensen. These old timers spoke of Seattle and deaf matters as they were when they first came to Seattle, as long as forty years ago. Before the establishment of the P. S. A. D., there was for a time a club called the Seattle Deaf-Mute Society, which had many parties and picnics. Descriptions of the city as it was in 1889 were hard for the young people to swallow. The site of the old Bon Marche, now in the midst of seething, hurrying crowds, was at that time a cow pasture, there were no bridges of any description, and the University was just starting to move to its present site. The pioneers had the place of honor at the banquet table, together with the P. S. A. D. officers.

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## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1930

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.  
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To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

STARTING OUT on its fifty-ninth year, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL extends the "Happy New Year" greeting to its readers, as well as to the deaf everywhere.

Each of these years has found it a weekly letter to the deaf scattered far and wide.

It has been the public mouthpiece of the deaf and will continue to be.

Its policy will be maintained—to help, not to injure the deaf. Firm as adamant in what is right, its aim shall always be to promote the welfare of the masses, and not to cater to the personal interests and ambitions of the few.

The year 1929 has passed, leaving its record of success and disaster. "The moving finger writes and having writ moves on; nor all your piety nor wit can lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

In a general way, prosperity has marked the past twelve months, if we except the inordinate tendency to promote speech and lip-reading at the expense of a large proportion of deaf-mute children, by methods that are adaptable to semi-mutes and the partly deaf. The sign-language, which guarantees intellectual progress and future happiness is misrepresented or ignored, and its most emphatic opponents are those who know nothing about it. This is only a part of what Dr. J. W. Jones, who has been a teacher and a principal of public schools in Ohio, and is Superintendent of the great Institution for the Education of the Deaf at Columbus, says in the *Ohio Chronicle*:

"PREPARING FOR DISAPPOINTMENT?"  
"Frequently some interested father or mother calls in the office to discuss education of a deaf child, having in mind only one thing and they call that lip-reading. Of course, with it goes speech. Everything else is lost sight of, however much desire an education may be. They do not want the sign-language or finger spelling."

"After thirty-five years of hearing such requests and watching for results, we cannot help but realize what a great disappointment is in store for them, no difference where the child attends school."

One of the lamentable occurrences of the year was the death of Francis P. Gibson, of Chicago, the president of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. This organization is now on a solid basis, has in its treasury over a million and a quarter of dollars, is efficiently officered at headquarters in Chicago, and will surely and safely "carry on"—which was Mr. Gibson's last injunction to Secretary-Treasurer Roberts.

The National Association of the Deaf, that has been moving forward steadily, will this year convene at Buffalo, N. Y., in August, and celebrate its fiftieth year as an organization dedicated to the advancement of the deaf. It is expected that delegates from all parts of Europe will be present, making it a World's Congress

of the Deaf. A statue of Abbe Michel de l'Epee will be unveiled. The sculptor is a deaf-mute, E. Elmer Hanan, and the statue and pedestal cost something over \$10,000, contributed by the American deaf, as a tribute to the memory of De l'Epee, the founder of education for the deaf.

Religious work among the deaf is progressively active, and spiritual teaching has been given by Priests of the Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Lutheran and Baptist denominations. This very important, or we might say vital, phase of life is given through the instrumentality of the sign-language.

During the past year, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has published detailed reports of proceedings at the several State conventions that have been held, as well as the social gatherings and general news about the deaf of the United States, and in 1930 a full report of the National Association Convention at Buffalo, with the ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of the statue of Abbe de l'Epee will be promptly published.

Thanking all our correspondents for their aid in making the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL both interesting and helpful, and the readers for their loyal support, we extend to them all—

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DETROIT

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

Detroit Division, N. F. S. D., held its regular monthly business meeting in the G. A. R. building on Saturday evening, December 7th, with a fairly good attendance. After the meeting the election of officers for the year 1930 took place with the following result:

President, George Hansz; Vice-President, George Davies; Secretary, Asa Stuttsman; Treasurer, Fred Affeldt.

The Cadillac Association of the Deaf held a meeting at its club hall on December 8th. Officers were elected as follows:

Mr. Ivan Heymanson, President; Mr. Fred Affeldt, First Vice-President; Joseph Czowski, Second Vice-President; Albert Buxton, Secretary; Joe Skronski, Treasurer.

Ladies' Auxiliary of the Cadillac Association of the Deaf had a meeting on the same day. Officers were elected as follows: Mrs. Ivan Heymanson, President; Mrs. William Greenbaum, First Vice-President; Miss Nelle Puluskey, Second Vice-President; Mrs. A. Scott, Secretary.

The Ladies' Guild of Episcopal Epiphany Mission held a Christmas Festival at St. John's Parish House in December 20th. The officers of the Guild prepared for the event. All children received bag of mixed nuts, peanuts, pop corn balls, orange and a box of assorted candies. Each of them got different games. Not very many children were there, on account of freezing weather and so much snow.

Marjorie Waters, daughter of Rev. Waters, and his sister arrived here from Missouri last Sunday to spend the Christmas holidays. Their sons from Flint, who attend the School for the Deaf, were at home with their parents or Christmas.

The Detroit Association of the Deaf held a regular business meeting at the Club hall, on December 15th. The officers elected were: President, Glenn Preston (by acclamation); Franklin Thornley, First Vice-President; Charles Davey, Second Vice-President; Arthur Hinch, Secretary (by acclamation); John J. Hellers, Treasurer; Board of Governors Morris Purviance, Ben Beaver, Alex Lobsinger, Trustee, De Fazio; Sergeants-at-arms, Herbert Shugart, Alex Tinglino, formerly of Fanwood.

Mr. C. Ozier has gone to visit his mother in Memphis, Tenn., for the Christmas holidays.

Many deaf men were laid off at the Ford Motor Co. for several weeks, but went back to work recently.

Mrs. L. Graton has gone to spend several months in Florida and her sister will settle down in Mississippi. She will start in rug selling.

Thomas E. Bissell, of Sarnia, Ont., has been laid off at H. Mueller Brass Co., since last August, but he recently went back to work again. His sister-in-law is suffering with congestion of the lungs and pneumonia in Toronto, Canada. Her name is Miss Flossie McRae of Manadum, Ontario.

A photograph Pantomime was given at the C. A. D., Saturday night, December 14th. It was very good. Mr. George Davies won the first prize for guessing; Mrs. McLeod, second prize; and Mrs. Robert Baird, third prize.

Mrs. Irma Ryan won a beautiful china set of dishes at a drawing on December 1st.

MRS. LUCY MAY.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

## "GIB"—MORTI

By J. Frederick Meagher—Installment III

They rushed the world's greatest deaf-mute to his grave with characteristic Chicagoesque zip and zest! Just two hours and eleven minutes after the funeral service was scheduled to start, I shivered alone in the cold—alone at the grave of Francis P. Gibson!

So this was the end of life's lonely lane for Gibson, the bright young lad they elected Grand President at our very first Grand Convention (Chicago, 1903). Elected president the same day he joined the society—when there were just seventy-three members, three divisions, and the sum of \$270.94 in the treasury!

Read those figures over again, please. Yes, please. Let them sink in.

In his fraternal career of twenty-six and half years, as president, whooper-up, secretary, and again president, Gib had nursed those pitiful, pathetic figures into 7849 members, 111 divisions, and assets of \$1,214,495!

Closing his career in a blaze of glory, though cruelly hampered by ill health, in the over two years he served as RE-ELECTED president, Gibson had netted \$309,946 to the assets—a gain of nearly a third of a million dollars.

Gib and Bobs! What a team.

"Bobs, if I don't pull through, you 'Carry On!' were his last words as he left his desk just two hours short of a full week before. And now Bobs and his staff, the Grand Board, were hurrying back to 'carry on.' And I was left alone—the last of fully 350 who had just seen him buried.

So I hurried away too. For there was work to do. I must hurry down to headquarters, help myself to a typewrit r as I had so many times before. Gib must have a send-off; the society must have the benefit of whatever advertising it could get, as partial counter-balance for his loss. Poor little Bobs and myself had not been overjoyed cordial for years, but one of his first acts after Gibson's death was, to assign me to get it in the papers. Well, if Bobs could overlook personal matters for the good of the society, so could I.

For seven centuries us Irish and those British have cherished racial hatreds. Gib and Bobs were British descendants; yet I'd be glad to claim them as of my own proud race, at times.

Funny little fellow, that Bobs. Gib as an iceberg; seem all the milk of human kindness has been squeezed out of him like juice is squeezed out of a lemon. As gloomy and hard-hearted as some football coach—and as rasping in language. Absobloomingly emotionless. And yet I had just seen him crying at the grave.

Wonder if I misjudged the stubborn little shrimp, after all?

Since Denver was Gib's last Grand Convention, I am glad now that I gave it such a voluminous write-up. And so are the half dozen dependable confidantes and co-operators who furnished me with so much data to work on.

The "L" train finally rumbled over the double-deck bridge spanning the Chicago river, and barged up to the first station in the loop—Randolph and Wells—where Gib so often debouched. The slippery flight of narrow stairs to the street, which had so often known his footfalls. The towering City State Bank building on the corner, with its bathe whiteness, and the revolving doors Gib used to squeeze his big bulk through.

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Gib into joining the frat, and had made him president the very same day. Joe Miller of Chicago was vehemently declaiming on his brand-new idea—a massive marble monument to the Grand Old Frat, to be erected by subscription by divisions.

Writing my story, I took it in to the locked office of Secretary Roberts, where the Grand Board was then in secret executive session. If my intent was more to size up the calibre of the men, than to get their collective okay on the story, that's my affair.

Bury brother Barrow, a trustee, nodded in grim approbation. Certificate number eight (a charter member—one of the original founders of the society) is the only Old Timer now in office since Gib has gone. Has held some Grand office or other for a longer period than even Gibson himself. Rugged, honest, gruff, typical British bulldog jowls, Barrow typifies our forgotten and neglected pioneers of 1901.

Trustee Rev. Flick made no comment.

Trustee Leiter, and vice-presidents Howson of Berkeley, and Mueller of Louisville, were absent.

Vice-president Shilton (Toronto, Canada) suggested substituting the phrase "died following a serious operation."

This Shilton somehow impressed me as the best all-around man of the bunch—next to Roberts. Aged about forty-five, graduate of University of Toronto, owner of a printing shop employing several men, his record in Canada is indicative of that rare combination: brains, tact, horse-sense and go-getting.

First vice-president Neesam, for twenty-four years a teacher in the Delavan school, suggested changing the word "irked" in my phrase: "Founded by deaf men, irked by the arbitrary and outrageous premiums imposed on deaf risks." "Irked" accordingly gave place to "vexed."

Neesam is the cold, cool, collected type; slow-moving, sensible, lean-and-lanky, look-before-you-leaf. Evincing no swelled-head at this sudden elevation to the command of a million dollars and seven regiments of silent soldiers.

My article closed with two sentences: "First vice-president Frederick J. Neesam automatically becomes head of the society, but will retain his position in the Wisconsin school at Delavan. Actual management of the society will be vested in Secretary-Treasurer Arthur L. Roberts."

Roberts scratched out the entire last sentence.

The other Board members looked at him in amazement. "Why?"

"I'm not looking for honors," he explained curtly. "Leave my name out."

Whereupon the Board smiled with satisfaction. Bobs would do; the little whirwind had his hands full, but was not trying to hog the limelight. He was not aiming to be Czar. All is well.

So I rushed away with my copy. But not to my own Hearst papers. Bobs and I had agreed on that before. Wider publicity, both local and "foreign," would probably be procured by "feeding" the City News Bureau and the Associated Press direct.

Gibson's funeral occurred at a bad time for publicity. Events that would ordinarily call for a half-column on Mondays, is lucky to get even a stick Saturday and Sundays—when there is so much news to release. Even so, the Tribune and News of Chicago, and the Times of New York (three of the biggest and most influential sheets in America) gave nice accounts of the funeral.

Well, I filed my copy and hurried back to headquarters where Old elevator-men on whom Gib would bestow a warming smile—Gib was no snob. The same aloof, high-hat marble corridors on the ninth floor, and the elegant suit of corner offices was down, with only one noticeable change.

Both doors of Gib's room were still closed.

Closed they remained. Only one soul ventured to enter, and gaze around where the only big photograph was that of Teddy Roosevelt. Teddy who spoke softly, but carried a big stick." Only one—ex-president Harry Anderson, of Indianapolis. I wonder what he thought.

Dear old Teddy was the only leader who would have anything to do with us deaf during the World War. Teddy planned a division recruited from the "exempted classes"—patterned after his Rough Riders; and I myself personally secured his consent to use a few companies of deaf-mute athletes and crack-shots. Wilson put his foot down on Teddy's entire scheme. "The old lion is dead," and so is his son, Quentin.

As I sat down to dash off my story, there were some two dozen in headquarters—mostly visitors from other cities. Bill Souder from Washington, Tom Hower from Akron, Louie Bachelder from Cincinnati, Art Hinch from Detroit, Johnnie Otto from Springfield, Ed Mather from Jacksonville, Charles Kinsler from Cedar Rapids, Tom Anderson from Council Bluffs, Oscar Truett from Omaha—are some I seem to recall, though I made no notes.

Also the third, fourth and fifth Grand Presidents—Kleinhan, Bristol and Anderson. Kleinhan was telling how he and Jesse Waterman had coaxed

vote time to that purpose, using the hundreds of dusty old half-tones and zinc-cuts in the vault. Denver finally gave him his chance, but he had only recently begun to start a preliminary series of articles in *The Frat*. You know why. Now the question is this: Does his death mean your early history will never be written—the same as the true history of Thomas Hopkins Galaudet, Laurent Clerc, et al., has never been fully revealed?"

The three grizzled old leaders pondered a moment. Then a flash of their old youthful energy and ambition came to the surface. "It can be done," they said. "We can remember most of the early incidents; look up others in the files, and in bound volumes of the early society magazines. We can compare, swap reminiscences, and the history may yet be told."

So they said. But I doubt it. Barrow in Chicago, Kleinhan in Kalazmazoo or some other town-city, Bristol in Flint—how are they going to "get together" and "compare"? And can they write? Such a mass of manuscripts to muse over, such a gigantic jumble of cuts and illustrations—it would be a tremendous task for even a trained writer.

Frankly, I fear that with Gib's going went all chance of the true history ever passing down to coming generations.

Only the crude rudiments of known facts, like the outlines of Galaudet, Alice Cogswell, Braidwood, De l'Epee, Sicard, Sophia Fowler, Clerc and other immortals, will be known fifty years hence.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE

The Christmas holidays started off with a bang, and now, as the hour draws near for us to return to our daily recitations, we find ourselves looking back with pleasure over the days that are past. On Sunday, December 22d, a mixed supper was held. This was one of the few instances on which it was possible to behold the rare spectacle of the young men eating with "table manners." The amount of food they removed from the plates, however, seems to indicate that "table manners" are hardly meant for the comfort of hungry young fellows.

After supper, the students assembled in the Girls' Reading Room in Fowler Hall, where a social was held until nine o'clock.

A trip to the bowling alleys of the Y. W. C. A. had been scheduled for both boys and girls on Monday evening, December 23d. However, when that evening came around, only two couples still desired to go, so a social was held in Fowler Hall instead. A fire was made in the Reading Room, and those who could find seats gathered around it. The rest sat at tables, playing checkers, cards, and dominoes.

December 24th, at eight o'clock in the evening, the young men and women gathered in Chapel Hall for the annual Christmas Party under the supervision of the Y. W. and the Social Club. The following program was given:

Story, "The Other Wise Man," Mary Ross, '32. Song, "A Christmas Song," John O'Brien, '32. Tableaux, "The Life of Christ," Members of the Y. W. and the Social Club. Play, "Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus," Rae Martino, '32, and Angelia Watson, '32.

After this program, Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus handed out a few presents and gave each person a home-made stocking full of candy and nuts. The party ended at ten o'clock, after which everyone went to bed to dream of the presents Santa was going to bring them.

At five A.M., on the morning of Christmas Day, Santa Claus came creeping up the stairs of Fowler Hall. Everything was as quiet as could be. Santa entered each room, and, after awakening each girl and giving her a stocking full of candy and nuts, led the way downstairs to the door of the Reading Room. When these were opened, a lovely Christmas tree was revealed. Electric lights sparkled from every branch, and boxes were piled high beneath it. Santa handed out the presents. Everyone received at least one present, not even the Hindu and Japanese Normals were forgotten.

At six o'clock the girls returned to their respective rooms, where they opened their packages and exchanged Christmas greetings.

There was chicken for dinner that day! And cranberry sauce! And all the other goodies that go with a Christmas dinner. Everyone was happy, hungry and full of merriment.

In the afternoon there were unchaperoned theatre parties, made up of two or more couples, with at least one Junior or Senior girl among each group.

At 8 P.M. an informal dance was held in the Young Men's Refectory. Everyone was tired, however, and as a result, there was not much merriment. At ten o'clock the college retired.

On Thursday, December 26th, the usual competition plays between the boys and girls were given in Chapel Hall at eight P.M. The girls gave a play, "In 1900," in which they foretold that the day will come when women will take men's place in all activities, including war-making. The boys gave a play called "In a Purely Scientific Spirit." This play was worked around the adventures of some deaf pupils in an oral school, and displayed clearly the handicaps that oral students often have to face. The play was refreshingly funny; and, although the girls' play was original and amusing, the judges decided that the boys' was more so and awarded the victory to them. The girls will have to treat the boys to ice-cream in payment.

The Literary Society convened on the night of Friday, December 27th, with Professor Frederick H. Hughes as the Alumnus speaker. Professor Hughes' story was, "The Monster in the Pool." As is always the case, he held his audience enthralled from beginning to end. Professor Hughes is a master of the art of story-telling. His method of expressing each incident is so well perfected that the audience is swayed with every motion he desires to impart to them. We feel that we were very fortunate to have him as our speaker.

Saturday, December 28th, was a day of washing and ironing for most of the young ladies in Fowler Hall. At eight o'clock that evening, however, they got out their pennants, donned their hats and coats, and trotted over to the Old Jim to witness the basketball team in its tussle with the "Y" College of the city. To our dismay, however, the game was an easy one, our team winning by a score of 61 to 13.

The next basketball game on the schedule will be played with the Milton College of Pharmacy in Baltimore, Md.

GENEVA FLORENCE  
REV. J. W. MICHAELS

Rev. J. W. Michaels, pastor of the First Baptist Evangelical Church for the Deaf, at Lincoln and Park Avenues, North Fort Worth.

Born in Richmond, Va., in 1854, just prior to the Civil War days, J. W. Michaels had all the faculties of any normal child.

When he was about nine years of age, and during the seven-day battle near Richmond, young Michaels spent his time carrying water and "minding flies" off of sick and wounded Confederate soldiers.

The nearness to the continuous roar of war cannons day and night, fractured young Michaels' ear drums, causing erysipelas in the head, which completely destroyed his hearing.

Speech was retained, and he attended the public schools one year before they were closed by the Civil War conditions. He then attended the Virginia school for the deaf, and later the Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

From the saddle and harness business, Rev. Michaels began teaching the deaf, first at his Alma Mater, then to the Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock, where he was principal for twenty-five years.

His spare time was spent in religious work for the adult deaf. He was ordained a Baptist minister by Governor James P. Eagle, of Arkansas, in 1904, and was shortly afterward called to be missionary and evangelist to the deaf for the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention for its fields east and west of the Mississippi River, comprising seventeen states.

Rev. Michaels has organized 80 mission stations for the deaf mutes, with larger stations at Fort Worth, Dallas, Waco, Houston, Austin, San Antonio and a number of smaller places.

In 1907 he purchased two lots at Lincoln and Park Avenues, North Fort Worth, and donated the corner lot for a church building for the deaf-mutes. The building was erected by public subscription.

A few years later, a parsonage was added and a stationery minister supplied.

All denominations worship at this church, which is at present pastored by Rev. Michaels, who is beginning his twenty-fourth year with the Baptist Mission Board.

Owing to Rev. Michaels' advanced age, the mission board is having a young man trained to assist in the work. He is Rev. A. O. Wilson, who came from Sweden and makes his home in Temple.

Services are held at the church every Sunday at 3 P.M. Socials and dinners are held frequently at the church.

Rev. Michaels has four daughters, who are college and university graduates. All are teaching, two in the school for the deaf in Arkansas, one acting as superintendent of the institution. His children have their normal faculties.

The following is an outline of the services conducted at the Baptist Evangelical Church for the Deaf, Park and Lincoln, North Fort Worth, as conducted by Rev. Michaels.

"Making the Home Christian" outlined as follows: "The Child Jesus in the Home," "The Religious Training of a Child," "The Sanctity of Marriage," "Grace at Meals," "Domestic Duties," "The Gain of a Godly Lineage," "Safe-guarding Future Generations."

Only one service is held on Sunday, which is at 3 P.M., embracing both the Sunday school and preaching hour.

The church enrollment numbers about 65, but an attendance reaches as high as 150 on special days, which packs the church to capacity, Rev. Michaels said.

"There are about 150 deaf-mutes within trolley reach of the church," the pastor said.

The pastor also maintains a "free employment bureau" in connection with the work.—*Fort Worth Press*.

### FAREWELL LUNCHEON

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Dundon, of 315 Twelfth Avenue, Belmar, gave a farewell luncheon last Tuesday night in honor of Jerry Newman, of Belmar, who leaves on January 1st for West Palm Beach, Fla., where he will spend the winter. The guests included Miss Eleanor Dwyer, of Red Bank; Otto Mangrum, of Asbury Park; Edith V. Dundon, John R. Dundon, Russell W. Brown and Miss Eleanor Thompson, of Belmar.—*Asbury Park Evening Press*, Dec. 26, 1929.

E. A. M.

Ed Hodges, bale and hearty, Looks back on fifty years. Of service to our party— To you and I, my dears; Full fifty years and over His printed page has spread Our triumphs—days in clover. The dirges for our dead. Then light the Christmas trees For Edwin Allan, lad— The "Brisbane" of deaf papers, The "Gibson" of our "Nad"! J. FARNACK MICHAELES

## CHICAGO

Francis P. Gibson was missing—sadly missed—at the first frat function occurring since his death, when No. 1 held its annual Christmas Tree in the Capitol building, December 21st. Francis P. Gibson's strong soul was only one of the billions of bright stars twinkling on the big Christmas tree. Gib's gone!

A year ago Gib and his plump little wife and their guest—Mrs. Bessie Lessley, of Denver, wife of the banquet toastmaster at that memorable convention—lent tone and color to the celebration. But that was a long year ago. This season a relative pall seemed to be over the gathering. There was not, if I must say it, the elan, the good spirit, the care-free gaiety of 1928.

Gib was one of those who is never properly appreciated until he is gone. It is always so.

Still, a good time was had by all—especially the kiddies. This Christmas tree business is the one time of the year when all the frat families gather without the presence of outsiders; the one time when we old ones realize the encroaching years by comparing the growth of our youngsters in the past twelve months. A year, and some tiny tot is a grown boy; or some boy branches out as a man. Us old 'uns, we're deaf-dumb; we don't count much in the civilized scheme of things, it seems; our only use to the world is to develop bright, upstanding Christian citizens like the Chaney's, the Menkens, the Rothersts, the MacDonals. Who will carry on after we too are gone to join Gib in his celestial division—hovering on some distant cloud-bank with the only pass-word "I tried to make the old world better while I was down there."

Snaps out of it. There was a toy for every tot. Apples and oranges and a box of old-fashioned tusk-tantalizing candy (the kind our false teeth rebel at—but oh, the olden memories). There were songs, talks and propaganda. And a real live Santi, with his grotesque grin and his tottering walk. Seems Santi, old socks, is growing old like the rest of us.

There were two outstanding addresses. One was that of the new Grand President Frederick Neesam—his first appearance since his sudden elevation. He related how he and Bobs were room-mates during four years at Gallaudet; he told of Gibson's record, and outlined how the safe, sound, constructive policies of our Grand Old Frat would be faithfully followed.

Grand Secretary-Treasurer Arthur L. Roberts related how he and Neesam had spent all day in the office, going over policies; and how they would work all day Sunday also. "President Neesam is a thoroughly honest, dependable party," he stated. "Has unusually excellent judgment. You can safely depend on him. You can depend on the new management—if you can depend on yourselves." After all, the N. F. S. D. is you. We can 'carry on' if you can carry on. We are depending on your own good judgment. We will urgently need the same unselfish, united spirit of cooperation you gave good old Gib. We cannot, will not, must not fail."

Somehow, even the skeptics, still awed by the spontaneous outburst of affectionate confidence displayed for the great Gib, as typified by \$2000 worth of flowers from afar, somehow all felt confidence in the cool little Roberts, and the deliberate, drawing, Lincoln-like Neesam.

They have not the personal-magnetism and pulling-power of a Gibson or a Teddy Roosevelt; but they look like the very men best suited to "carry on" as per Gib's last command. You won't care much for them, personally—they are not back-slapping glad-handers. But they seem to be all business.

And, after all, the N. F. S. D. is mainly a business proposition; its main business is to see sick members draw benefits, and our widows get the little nest-egg to themselves carry on after we join Gib.

Say, buddy; let's you and I carry on with those who carry on.

Newton Stanley was found dead with his hands and feet strapped to bed at the County Hospital Monday, December 23d, some hours after an operation for stomach trouble. His long illness left him in a weak condition so that he could not endure the painful operation. His body will be shipped to Potter's field in Oak Forest, if no arrangement for the funeral is made by his folks living in Texas. His deaf sister, Mrs. Hester Hooper, lives on the South Side here.

Aeronautics for January has an illustrated article about the "foolproof" Arrow-plane invented by a deaf-mute in Zurich, Switzerland. Elaborate tests completed in the Goettingen laboratory in Germany are said to prove it will not only fly when crippled, but has seven times the safety-factor of any plane on the market today. The name of the young deaf inventor is Alexandre Sodenhoff.

Chicago papers are running photos of Miss Helen Keller every few days; first she has joined some cult, next she has a new pet clinic, presently she—but why go on. The poor girl is "good copy" and probably doesn't realize she is just being used as propaganda for fads and fancies.

Seems to me there was once a man named Thoms Hopkins Gallaudet.

Believe he once did something or other for the deaf. Oh, yes; now I got it—he started the first successful school for the deaf in this continent. When you and I were young, we used to reverently celebrate his birthday. But no more, now. At least not here in Chicago, the self-styled "Capitol of Deafdom;" no, sir. December 10th came and went, and the number of observance of the date summed to one colossal cipher. What price gratitude?

The December *Typographical Journal* says: "Ethelbert D. Hunter, while on a visit in Kentucky and Tennessee, went to see the school which he attended fifty years ago. He found it somewhat changed. Hunter is a deaf-mute, working at the Excelsior Printing Company, and expects to live five years longer. Hop to it, old kid."

The same issue lists four union types in the United States have just been expelled for ratting." One seems to be deaf—Tilden Smith, of Waco, Texas.

Football coach Robey Burns, of the school in Jax, spent his Christmas with his mother and sister in Washington, D. C.

The Methodist ladies raised money for their "trees" by giving card parties at various private homes. On the 13th, eleven tables at Mrs. Ed Carlson's raised fourteen dollars; and on the 17th another \$7.43 was garnered by six tables at the Emery Horn home.

Young Caroline Hyman, president of the new Parker Oralite Club, engineered their initial social venture with a successful card party at All Angels', December 13th.

December 14th, the Matthew Schuetters gave a send-off party at their home for Miss Mary Ruppert, who left the next day for her old home in Pittsburgh, after being here since September 1st. She left because of the prevailing industrial depression—having been offered her old office job in the Smoky City, which she held for over eight years prior to trying her luck in the Windy City. Her friends gave her a nice purse, following four tables of cards.

John DeLance, Duluth's popular poet, who gained quite a clientele as the star poetaster of the busted *Iowa Hawkeye*, has come to make his residence in Chicago. Now if Crutcher, of Detroit, and Terry, of Los Angeles, would do likewise, Chicago's Deafdom would have quite a literary circle.

Terry, by the way, has just printed his latest volume of verse, "Sung in Silence," which retails at two dollars in the book stores.

"Dummy Mahan" knocked out Babe Anderson in nine rounds, in Oakland, Cal., December 12th, according to press notices.

Misses Alice and Helen Hanson, young daughters of the past president of the National Association of the Deaf, Dr. Olof Hanson, of Seattle, are living at 1126 East 56th Street. Helen is working here for a year, while Alice with her \$1000 scholarship is studying for a Doctor of Philosophy degree. Alice is the only child of the known to mourn her demise. Interment was in Coryell, Mich. (near Three Rivers).

Rev. Flick's Church and the Lutheran each celebrates Christmas with festivals on Tuesday, December 24th and Wednesday, December 25th, respectively, followed by the distribution of toys and candy and an exchange of gifts.

Father O'Brien held mass with holy communion at the Ephphatha club house, Wednesday morning, December 25th, with a large attendance. After mass, the audience went down to the dining room to partake of breakfast. After eating, they passed a social time in conversation. An exchange of gifts was made between the deaf persons.

### THIRD FLAT

Miss Virginia Dries, of Peoria, came to attend the Gibson funeral. She did not—for just before leaving her sister's home here for the chapel, she was taken violently sick from eating turtle soup.

The morning of the funeral, Andrew Kauf and his pretty wife started from Aurora, some sixty miles away, to drive in for the rites. They had driven but a few blocks when they crashed into a big truck. They were removed to St. Charles Hospital, badly cut about the hands and arms. Andrew is around again, but Alma will be confined for several weeks, the doctors ordering that she must be kept quiet.

Mrs. Lacie Shelton, who came from Belmar last fall, is taking a two weeks' Christmas vacation visiting her uncle in Detroit.

Bill Johnson, supervisor in the school at Jax, spent the holidays in and around Chicago.

Mrs. Menken and her famous daughter, Miss Helen, arrived from New York on the 21st, preparatory to Helen's opening in "The Infinite Shoebill," at the Playhouse on the 23d.

Miss Emma Maser is on her annual holiday-expedition to the old folks in Lincoln, Neb. The Lincolnes are all intelligent and highly-civilized and worth-knowing citizens. Yesser, most positively. We know it, because this column once called them "unenlightened heathen," whereas the charming little Otto Blankenship took us properly to task in the *Hawkeye*, quoting facts and figures to prove her wrong. We never argue with a woman—the women nowadays are too danged smart for us men.

One of the dailies recently ran a picture showing a husky cop rescuing from a snowdrift the pretty grown daughter of the Morton Henrys.

Mrs. Clara Spears, of Racine, Wis., is a guest of her sister, Mrs. W. Sullivan, for two weeks. Her son, Arthur, has remained at the latter's home since the death of his brother.

A service at the M. E. Mission Sunday, December 22d, was largely attended, and Rev. Hasenstab assisted by Mrs. C. H. Elmes administered holy communion to a large number.

After that a program was opened with Miss Anna Schaeffer taking the part of Mary, and Mrs. Elmes singing "first Christmas," followed by the parts of the seekers and the prophet, taken by Charles Sharpnack and Rev. Hasenstab respectively. Then two tableau

### Los Angeles, Cal.

WILDEY MEYERS

Something out of the ordinary in the way of entertainments was the very interesting and brilliant program presented by Albert Ballin, the night of December 13th, in Burdette Hall of the Philharmonic Auditorium. That some of the famous movie stars helped him was in itself a notable tribute to Mr. Ballin's enterprise and daring, for who but Mr. Ballin could have enlisted their sympathy and awakened their interest in signs. Mr. Neil Hamilton, the actor, was the Master of Ceremonies, and Mrs. Grace Emery Coombs was the interpreter, but Mr. Hamilton called them Pat and Mike, and got off some wise-cracks about their appearance together. Would you believe it, that the famous Laura LaPlante was there, beautifully gowned, and made a few remarks in signs about the book, "The Deaf-Mute Howls," surprising the deaf, although they knew the manual alphabet on the set in talking to Mr. Ballin. A singer, Miss Gordon, sang for the benefit of the hearing people present. Leslie Hunt, a deaf magician, introduced some new tricks in sleight-of-hand. Mr. Ballin, in signs, briefly spoke of the theme of his book, his address being read orally by Mrs. Coombs.

Miss Violet La Plante (sister of Laura) signed "Nearer, My God, to Thee," taught her by Mr. Ballin. It did not closely adhere to the conventional way of signing, as it had imaginative and impressionistic features, but it was a very beautiful and graceful rendition. Little Verda Kuhn, the six-year-old daughter of deaf parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kuhn, of Los Angeles, made a hit telling the story of "The Three Bears," orally, and signing at the same time, not forgetting any of the story and not being troubled by "stage fright." She was warmly applauded, indeed, so were all the others on the program. Next on the program was Ernest Seton Thompson. Mrs. Raymond Gensler interpreted his first remarks, in which he said he had once addressed the students at Gallaudet College on the Indian sign language. Then he gave a very realistic and thrilling talk in the Indian signs, holding

### The Old Maids' Club of Detroit

DEAR EDITOR:—

The reason I have not written before is because I have not written before, also because every time I would start to write it would come up a snowstorm and you couldn't expect me to write with it a snowstorm. Could you? Well then?

Well, mister editor Hodgson, I want to tell you about a show that I seen at the D. O. D. club. (Notice: "D. A. D." stands for Detroit Association for Deaf, and not for "Deaf and Dumb," as some of the hearing people have thought) last Saturday night. It was the best show ever I seen by the deaf peoples anywhere, and you know I have seen 'em by the deaf peoples everywhere during my travels around here interesting western hemi sphere in a side door Pullman. This here show was a comedy. And it was the comediest comedy I ever seen comedied. I laffed til my gizzard shook. The rest of the optience ("Optience" means a bunch of peoples that look at a show but do not listen) laffed until their gizzards wobbled also. Everybody being deaf, tho, the tumult made by rattling gizzards was not disturbing.

Well, the show was titled "The Old Maids' Club." The person who wrote the play, chose the cast and worked untruly for weeks directing it was Mrs. Ben Beaver. Busy as a beaver." To Mrs. Beaver is full credit due and the honor that goes with it for the tremendous success of the day.

Well, when the curtain was rung up there was the old maids a-settin' in chairs in a semicircle—only they wasn't really old maids but a bunch of comely D. A. D. matrons and one charming "Miss" who wasn't by any manner of means—gossiping about the horrid man sex, but from the drift of their remarks the optience soon gathered that each and every one of these here particular dames was as hell bent on getting her man as a Royal N. W. Mounted Canadian Policeeman.

Mrs. Behrendt as President, presided over the meeting; Mrs. Ben Beaver was Secretary, and Mrs. Purviance, the Treasurer. The other old maids were Mrs. Losbinger, Chairman of the Lookout Committee; Mrs. Gattton, Mrs. Russow, who forgot her pledge and was glad she was an old maid; Mrs. Pastore, songstress; Mrs. Ralph Beaver, Mrs. Halm, Miss Saukins and Miss Mann, other members of the cast were: Mrs. Homan, nurse; Mrs. Shuart, model; Mrs. Hugel, Topsy and clown; Mrs. Ponsford; and Mr. Arthur Hinck, Prof. Pinkerton. During the intermissions, little Miss Virginia Beaver entertained with beautiful dancing and was encored; and Mrs. La Tondress, with an amusing broomstick drill.

They were all dressed up in the most redickerous costumes of the 80's—high collared shirtwaists, long sleeves with puffs, corsets and petticoats and so forth, (only we didn't see the so forths) and long skirts that reached to or below the ankles. Those long skirts looks so funny, mister editor, and we sighed a long heave for the elegant sights our cherished puppies and grandpappies must have missed in "them good ole days" they are so fond of bragging about. Why we ain't so old ourselves, but we can remember ourselves in our adolescence a-standing on the street corners with the gang and a-praying for a high wind. Sometimes our prayers were answered and the gal's skirts would blow half way up to their knees. And, my! Wasn't we wicked fellows trifled?

But we are wandering from the subject, mister ed. To return: Each of the old maids was made up to look very vinegar-faced and acted very prim and precise. The play opened with the old maids in an animated discussion as to the best way of getting a man. Many absurd suggestions were made from the purchasing of breath tablets, hypnotizing perfumes and beauty parlors, to the putting of ads. in the matrimonial papers. One old maid, Nancy Halm, even suggested bribing the servant girls of eligible bachelors to put a certain love potion into the said bachelors' coffee, which would cause them to fall in love immediately after drinking. This proposal was quickly rejected as unfeasible, when the secretary pointed out that the bachelors would then be sure to fall in love with the servant girls. And so, dear ed. it went on: suggestion after suggestion was made, debated upon and finally dropped as impractical, after much acrimonious arguing that kept the optience in an uproar of laffter all the time.

The Lookout Committee gave a funny report on all the prominent bachelors in Detroit. After passing up Crutcher, Difazio, Thorniley, McCarthy and Furman, as impossible to catch, all the old maids decided to center their efforts on Ed. Payne as the most desirable prize, and now Ed. is so afraid of the old maids he won't come to Detroit any more, but stays at home in Windsor.

About the time the prospects appeared hopeless for the old maids ever grabbing a husband, the secretary receives a letter from a famous professor that he had discovered a wonderful medical herb that, together with a certain apparatus he had invented, would restore youth to the aged, change the homely, to the beautiful—in short, would change one into almost anything. For a cash consideration he offered to give a demonstration. Of course, all the old maids were unanimously in favor of the demonstrations. So the Prof.

Pinkerton arrives and proceeds with his demonstration. One old maid wishes to be changed into a beautiful nurse, another into a shapely model, another into a graceful dancer, and so on. The professor gives each a dose of his discovery, sends her in his apparatus, turns a crank a couple of times and out comes the old maid transformed into whatever she had wished to be. Occasionally though, the professor would make a mistake and change an old maid into a clown of a negro or other funny character, which brought big laughs. He even changed the treasurer into the great northern lights (Aurora Borealis) at her request. Mrs. Purviance, in the role of the Aurora Borealis, was a particularly spectacular sight. Last came the secretary. To make absolutely sure of getting a man, she decided to be changed into a man herself. The professor gasped at the suggestion, he argued, but she was adamant. After much hard work on his part the change was effected and out of the apparatus walked a man—a MAN at last. All the old maids, now beautiful young maids, forgetting they weren't still old maids, made a rush for the man. The play ends with them all chasing the man and begging him to marry. The professor, in the confusion that ensues, being unable to attract any attention to himself (we forgot to say that the prof. was so homely that not even the old maids wanted him) sees the treasurer's money bag laying unguarded on the table, picks it up and makes a quick getaway. The curtain goes down amidst much handclapping. Up goes the curtain again and shows the entire cast in on grand ensemble. They are encored a number of times.

As I said before, mister editor, it was the funniest show by the deaf that ever I seen. Mrs. Beaver was heartily congratulated on putting over the hit of the year, and deservedly so. Each and every actress played her part to perfection, but Mrs. Losbinger and Mrs. Behrendt were particularly and apropos funny, and you would a laff a laff at them if you had been here ed. Ain't you sorry you wasent here?

Well, mister editor, I must close now, as I have to write a good letter to Santa Claus. I been a good little boy and think Santa should reward me. Don't you? I want a drum and a doll—a girl doll about twenty-eight old—and a horn and a fiddle and candy and oranges and nuts and roller skates and a quart of Bourbon and a quart of Scotch and quart of rye and a dozen eggs and a sled and a barrel of sherry and a juicesharp and the Volstead act repealed and a life time subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. That is all and no more.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and expecting to receive a real expensive present from you,

I am—indeed I am,  
A good little boy,  
CRUTCH.

P. S. If you just must get my present at the ten cent store, please, for goodness sake, don't patronize the five cent counters.

C.

Don't smile unless you feel that way.

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The value of Life Insurance is the best protection in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, every first Monday of the month. Interested, write for information to division secretary, James P. McGovern, 1335 Taylor Ave., Bronx.

### Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

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Cub Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Samuel Frankenheim, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

### Evangelical Association of the Deaf

UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.  
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.  
Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant  
Every Sunday

Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon  
3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets, Room 15.  
Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3935 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf!

### Harlem Silent Club of Colored Deaf

Apt. 44—2605 Eighth Ave., New York City  
The object of the club to promote the social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.  
Club room open the year round. Regular meetings on the first Thursday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club.  
Clarence Basden, President; Howell Young, Secretary, 140 West 133d St., N. Y. City.

### Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Sunday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

### St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City  
Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Curate

Services every Sunday at 3 P.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Offices Hours—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30, except Saturdays. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

### Clerc Literary Association

Founded September 22, 1865  
3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members. Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms.

Arthur Fowler, President; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer; P. O. Box 81, Merchantville, N. J.; Howard E. Arnold, Secretary, 63 East Montana Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

### Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. A. A. Cohn, Secretary, 699 East 137th Street, Bronx. Religious Services held every Friday evening, eight-thirty, at Temple Emanuel, 1 East 65th Street, New York.

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All 7th Avenue Express Lines to Grand Army Plaza (Prospect Park) Station. Walk towards park.

B. M. T. Subways—Brighton Locals only to Seventh Avenue Station. Walk towards Prospect Park.

Surface Cars—Vanderbilt Avenue and Union Street cars run past the Club. Flatbush Avenue cars to Prospect Park Main Entrance.

COMMITTEE—Joseph L. Call, Chairman, 159 Messerole Ave., Brooklyn N. Y.; Jacob Seltzer, Secretary, 501 West 169th St., N. Y. City; Roslino J. LaCurto, Jacob Clousner, Edward Kerwin, and the 300 Members of the Division.

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16th Triennial Convention

### AND 4th World Congress of the Deaf

(TO BE HELD IN AMERICA)

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